FIFTH WORLD TALES / IKA-LIMANG PANDAIGDIG NA MGA ISTORIYA

LOOKING FOR IFUGAO MOUNTAIN

PAGHAHANAP SA BUNDOK NG IFUGAO

Sinulat ni / Written by
Al Robles

Isinalin ni / Translated into Pilipino by
Alfredo Carigma

Guhit ni / Illustrated by
Jim Dong

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IKA-LIMANG PANDAIGDIG NA MGA ISTORIYA
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buhat sa maraming tao sa America.

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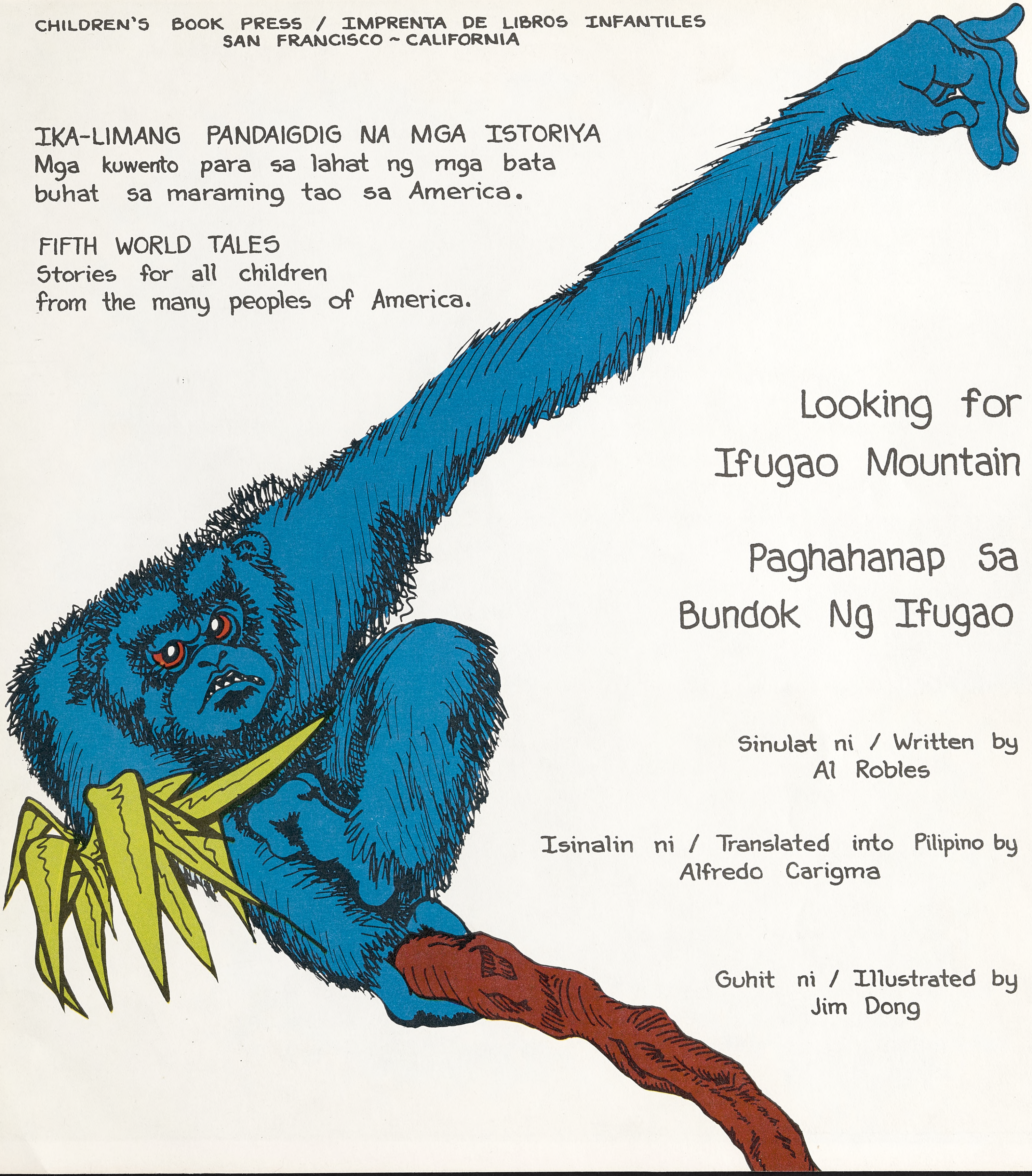

Looking for Ifugao Mountain

Paghahanap Sa Bundok Ng Ifugao

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ONE cold winter day Kayumanggi saw Tagatac, an old Pilipino man, in Portsmouth Square, Chinatown.

Kayumanggi was sitting on the park bench, next to a pine tree, listening to Tagatac talk to some of his kababayan (countrymen).

There was a great deal of noise coming from the children's playground below. Yet somehow Kayumanggi was able to hear every sound coming from Tagatac's mouth.

Kayumanggi – Kah·u·máhng·ghee : deep, rich brown
Tagatac – Táh·gah·tahk
kababayan – kah·bah·báh·yahn : countrymen and tribal brothers
Portsmouth Square, Chinatown : A park in the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown / Manilatown.

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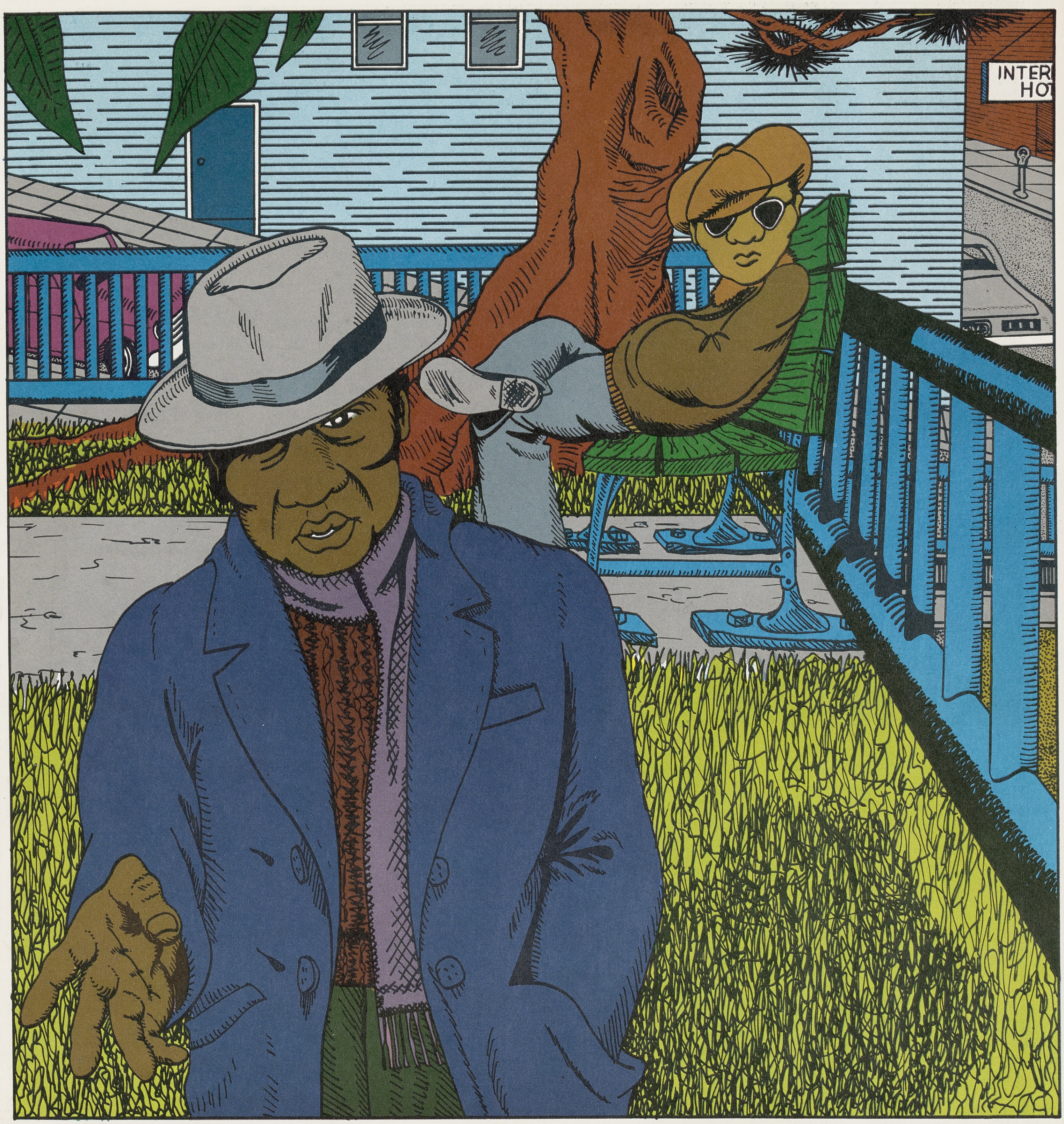
ISANG maginaw na araw ng Taglamig, nakita ni Kayumanggi si Tagatac, isang matandang Pilipino, sa Portsmouth Square, Chinatown.

Nakatindig si Kayumanggi sa liwasan banko malapit sa isang punong kahoy na saleng nakikinig kay Tagatac na nakikipag-usap naman sa ilan sa kanyang mga kababayan.

Malakas ang ingay na nagbubuhat sa laruan ng mga bata sa ibaba. Gayon ma'y nakuha pa rin niyang mapakinggan ang bawa't katagang nangagaling sa bibig ni Tagatac.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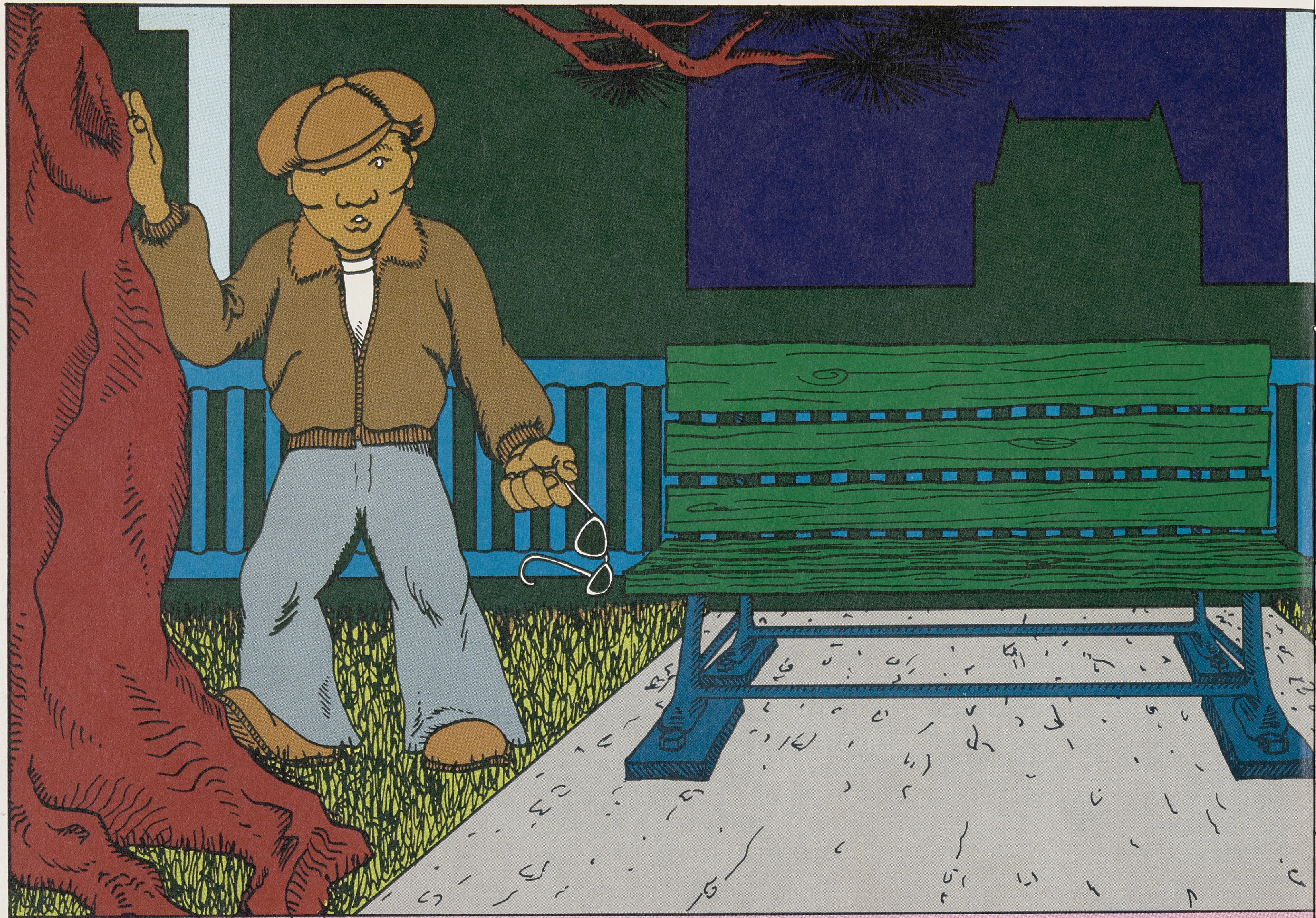
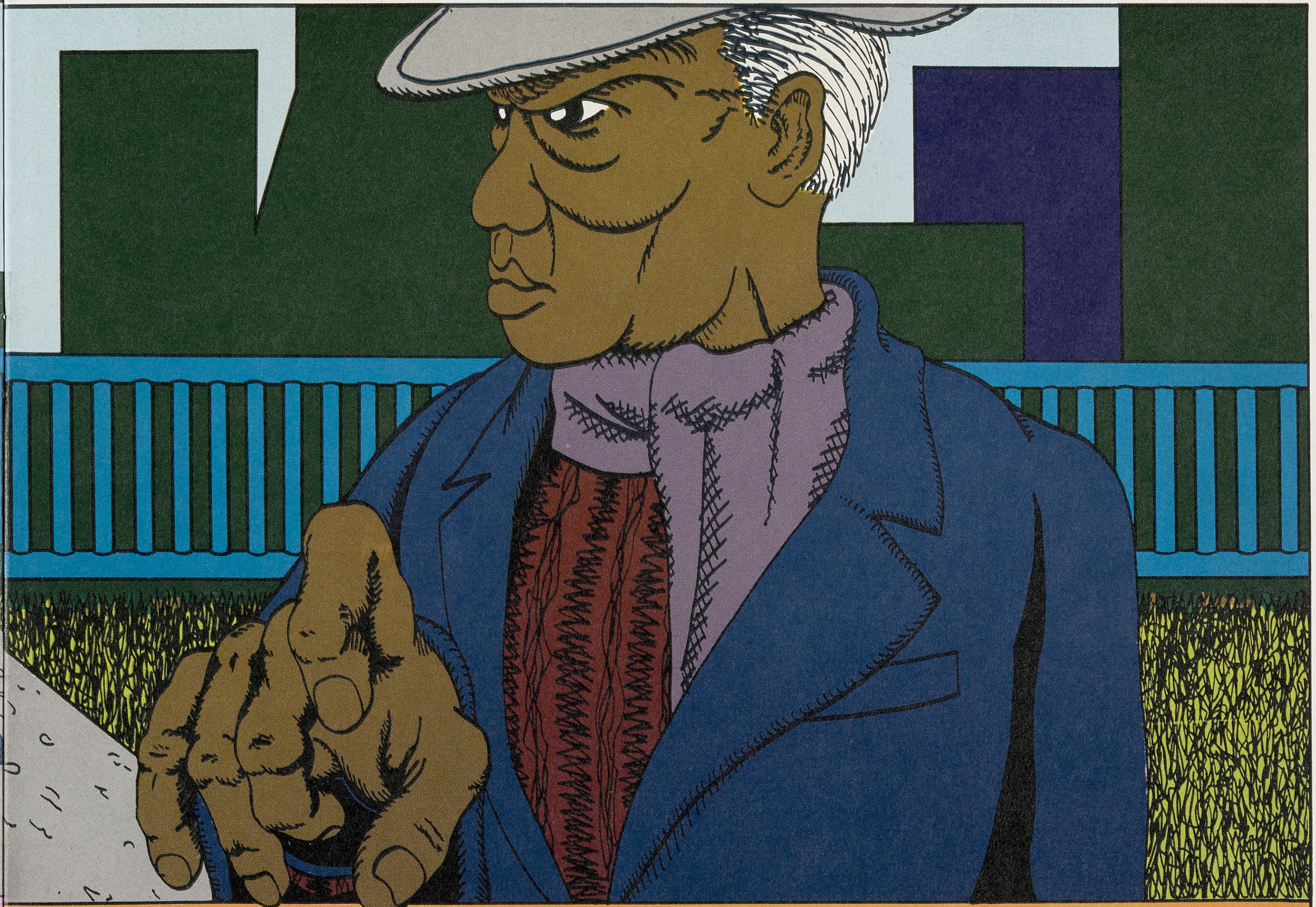


Walang ano-anu'y si Tagatac ay lumingon at nakita si Kayumanggi, na ka opo sa bankita sa hardan. Tuwirang tumitig siya sa kanyang mga mata. Nadama ni Kayumanggi ang mahika at kapangyarihan sa mga mata ni Tagatac. Mayroon pa ring mahika sa taginting ng kanyang boses.

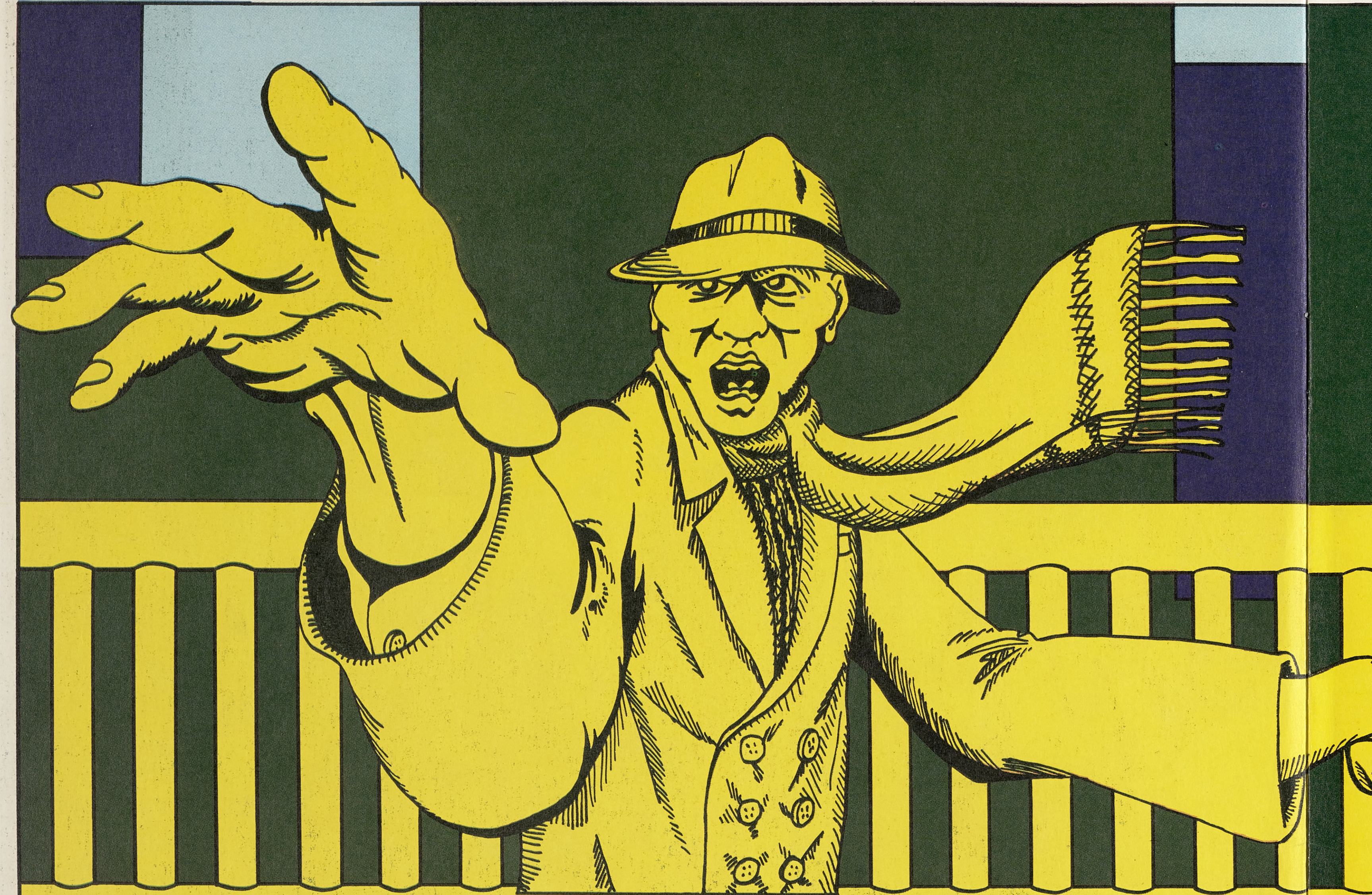
Lumakad si Kayumanggi patungo kay Tagatac. "Kilala ko ang iyong ama," sabi ni Tagatac. "Siya ay mahusay na boksingero nang unang mga araw. Isa siya sa mga manong na unang nanirahan dito, mga unang Pilipino na dumating sa bansang ito."



All of a sudden Tagatac turned around and saw Kayumanggi standing next to a tree. Tagatac stared straight into Kayumanggi's eyes. Kayumanggi felt the magic and power in Tagatac's eyes. There was even something magic in the tone of his voice.

Kayumanggi walked toward Tagatac. "I knew your father," Tagatac said. "He was a prizefighter in the early days. He was a manong (old-timer), one of the first Pilipinos to come to this country."

manong - máh · nong : a title of respect. The word "manong" has come to mean an older Pilipino man who has gone through the hardships, experiences and struggles in America.



Maingat na nakikinig si Kayumanggi habang nagsasalita si Tagatac. "Sa ilalim ng luma kong damit ay may bahag ako. Ako'y taga-Bundok ng Ifugao. Malaya at pabagu-bago ang aking isip na katulad ng hangin." Naging osyoso si Kayumanggi at nagnanasa na malamang mabuti ang tungkol.

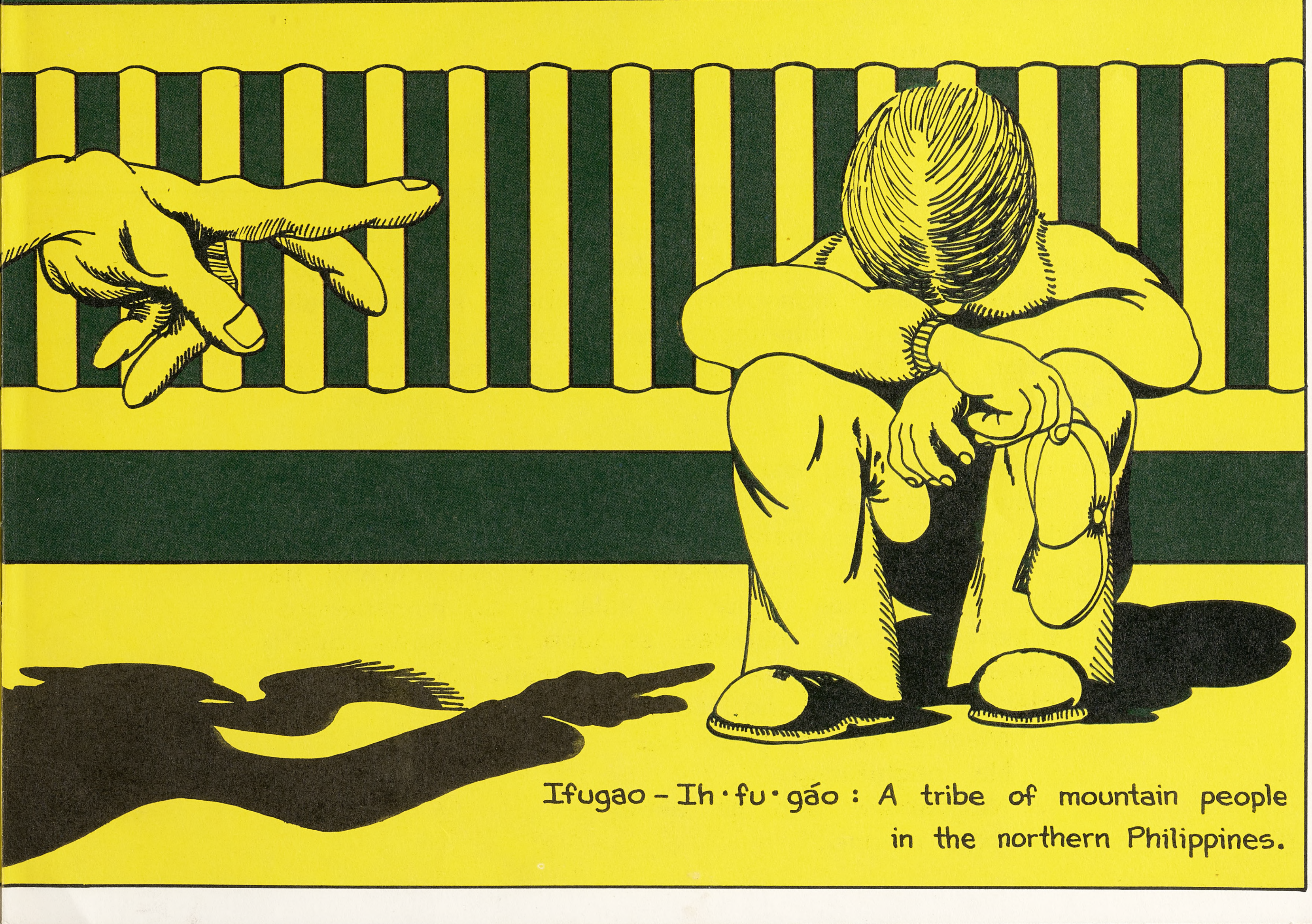
"Tumira ako sa Bundok ng Ifugao," sabi ni Tagatac. Dagling ang mga mata ni Tagatac ay nanlaki. Nakarinig si Kayumanggi ng kakaibang ingay na nagmumula kung saan. "Ano ang ingay na iyon?" sigaw ni Kayumanggi.

"Ang ingay na iyon ay isang plautang hinihihip sa ilong sa Bundok ng Ifugao," sabi ni Tagatac.

Kayumanggi listened very carefully as Tagatac spoke: "Underneath my clothes, I wear a loincloth. I am an Ifugao Mountain man. My mind is free and wild like the wind." Kayumanggi was very curious, and wanted to know more.

"I live on Ifugao Mountain," Tagatac said. All of a sudden, Tagatac's eyes opened wide. Kayumanggi began to hear strange sounds coming from somewhere. "What is that sound?" cried Kayumanggi.

"That sound is an Ifugao Mountain nose flute sound," said Tagatac.



Ifugao – Ih·fu·gáo : A tribe of mountain people in the northern Philippines.

Then Kayumanggi found himself being drawn back to the eternal past. He found himself on a long journey, going back, back, back, deeper and deeper, tracing the footsteps of his ancestors, in search of Ifugao Mountain.

Up ahead a hundred wild carabao were guarding the path to Ifugao Mountain. They saw Kayumanggi. They started to chase him. Kayumanggi ran up a steep hill. The wild carabao were puffing and stamping their feet on the ground below. They wanted Kayumanggi to come down. But instead, he sang them a song:

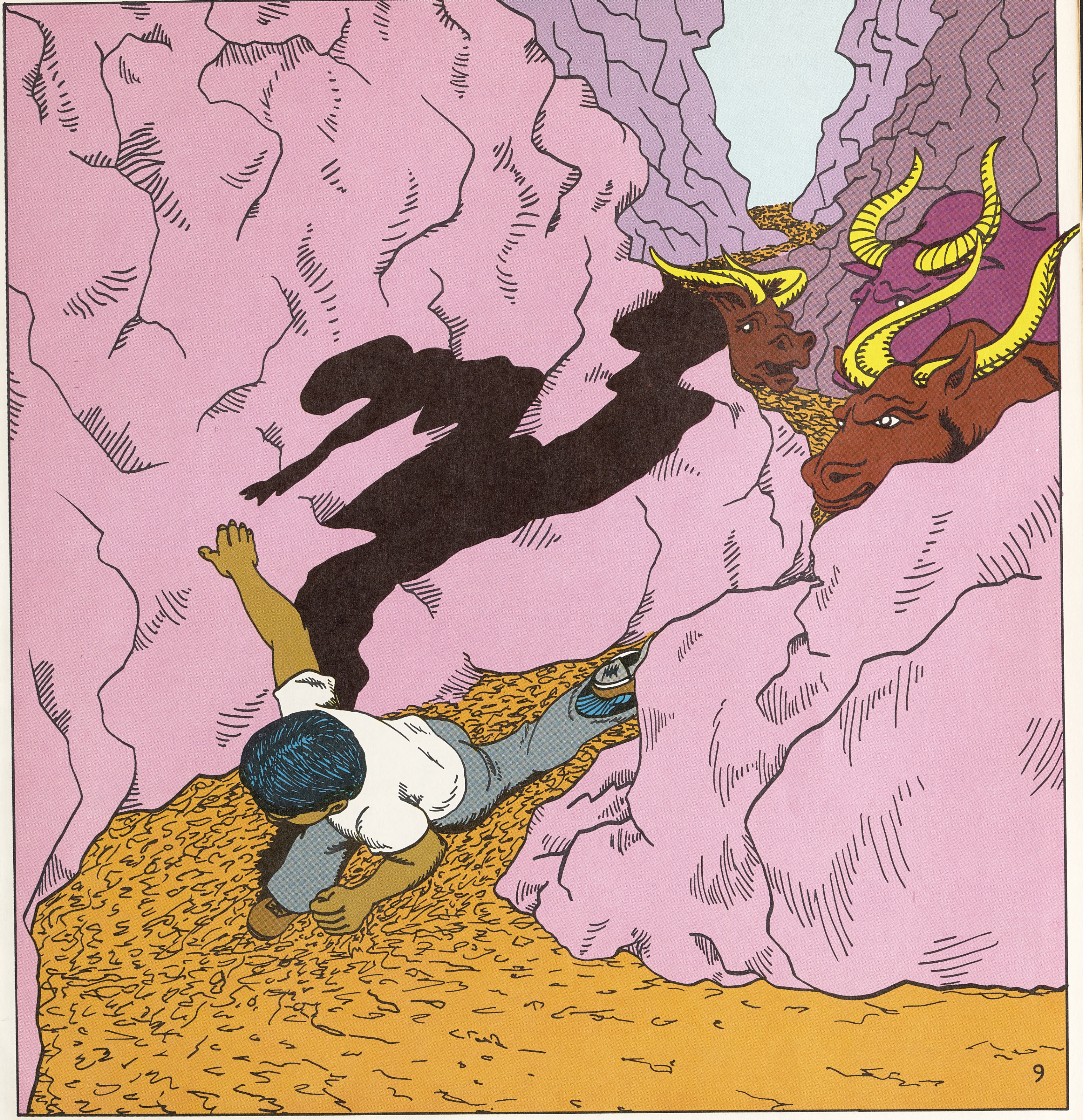
"Pity my heart.
I am suffering.
I am returning
to my ancestral home."

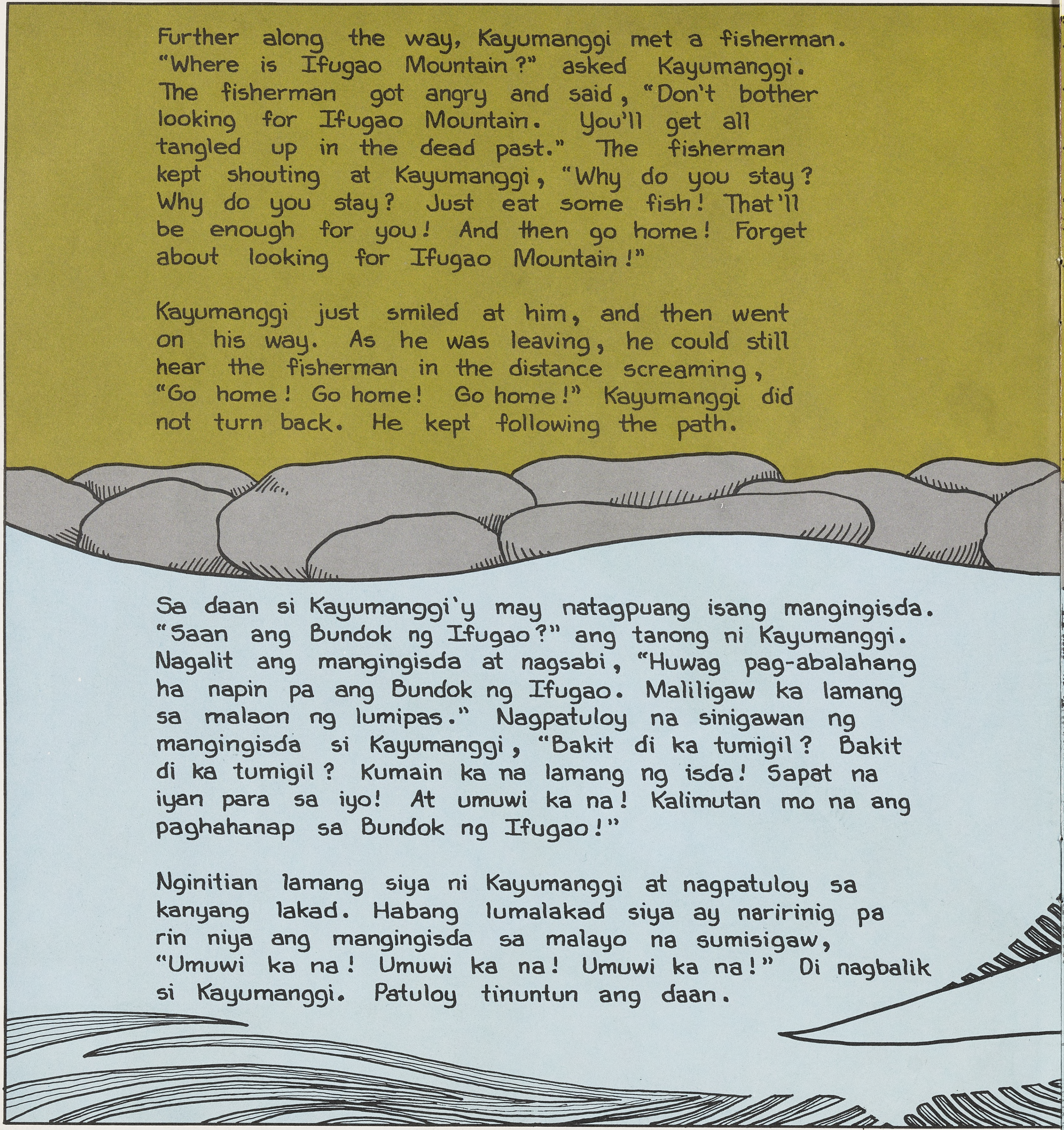
carabao - ca·ra·báo : water buffalo

Dagli na lang nadama ni Kayumanggi na nanumbalik siya sa walang hanggang nakalipas. Nadama niya na siya'y nasa mahabang paglalakbay, pabalik, balik, balik, lalo pang lumalaon na binabakas ang mga nilakaran ng kanyang mga ninuno, na naghahanap sa Bundok ng Ifugao.

Sa unahan niya ay isang daang mga ligaw na kalabao na nakabantay sa daang patungo sa Bundok ng Ifugao. Nakita nila si Kayumanggi. Sinimulan nilang hagarin siya. Tumakbo si Kayumanggi paakyat sa matarik na bundukin. Ang mga ligaw na kalabaw ay humahangos at tumatadyak ng malakas sa lupa sa ibaba. Sila'y nagnanasa na bumababa si Kayumanggi. Subali't, kinantahan niya sila ng isang awit:

"Maawa ka sa puso ko.
Na naghihirap.
Nagbabalik ako sa aking
mga ninuno."



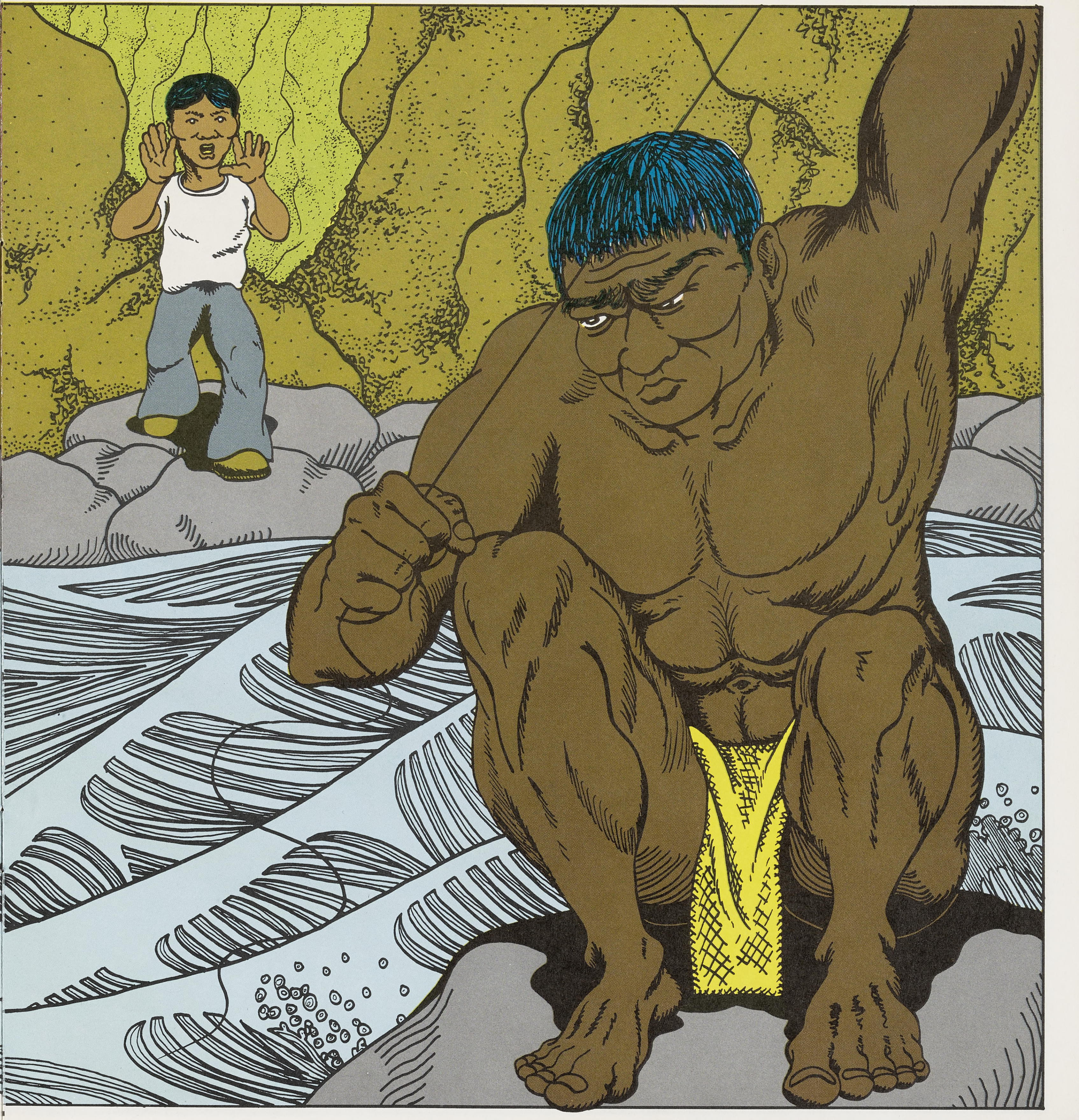


Further along the way, Kayumanggi met a fisherman. "Where is Ifugao Mountain?" asked Kayumanggi. The fisherman got angry and said, "Don't bother looking for Ifugao Mountain. You'll get all tangled up in the dead past." The fisherman kept shouting at Kayumanggi, "Why do you stay? Why do you stay? Just eat some fish! That'll be enough for you! And then go home! Forget about looking for Ifugao Mountain!"

Kayumanggi just smiled at him, and then went on his way. As he was leaving, he could still hear the fisherman in the distance screaming, "Go home! Go home! Go home!" Kayumanggi did not turn back. He kept following the path.

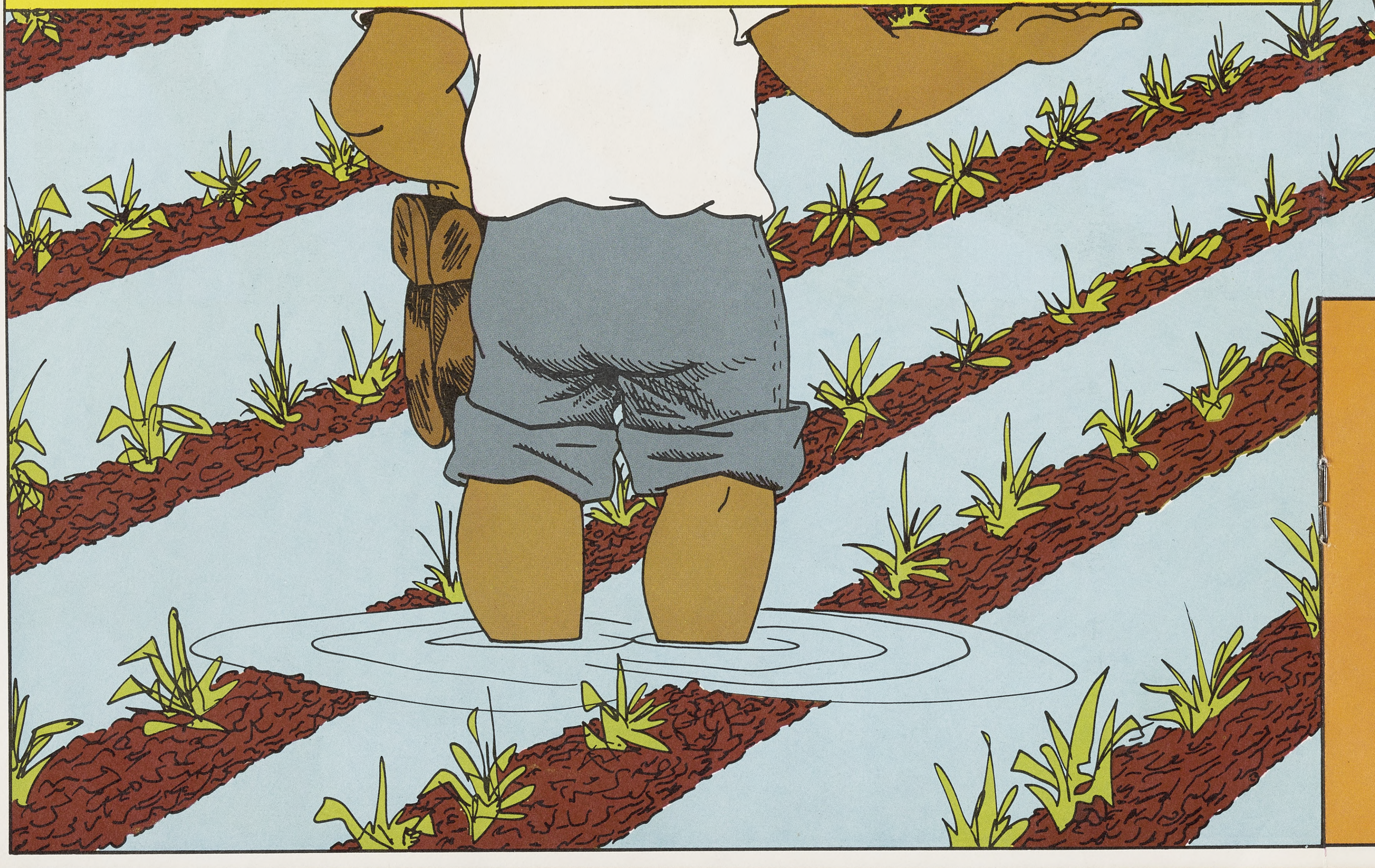
Sa daan si Kayumanggi'y may natagpuang isang mangingisda. "Saan ang Bundok ng Ifugao?" ang tanong ni Kayumanggi. Nagalit ang mangingisda at nagsabi, "Huwag pag-abalahang ha napin pa ang Bundok ng Ifugao. Maliligaw ka lamang sa malaon ng lumipas." Nagpatuloy na sinigawan ng mangingisda si Kayumanggi, "Bakit di ka tumigil? Bakit di ka tumigil? Kumain ka na lamang ng isda! Sapat na iyan para sa iyo! At umuwi ka na! Kalimutan mo na ang paghahanap sa Bundok ng Ifugao!"

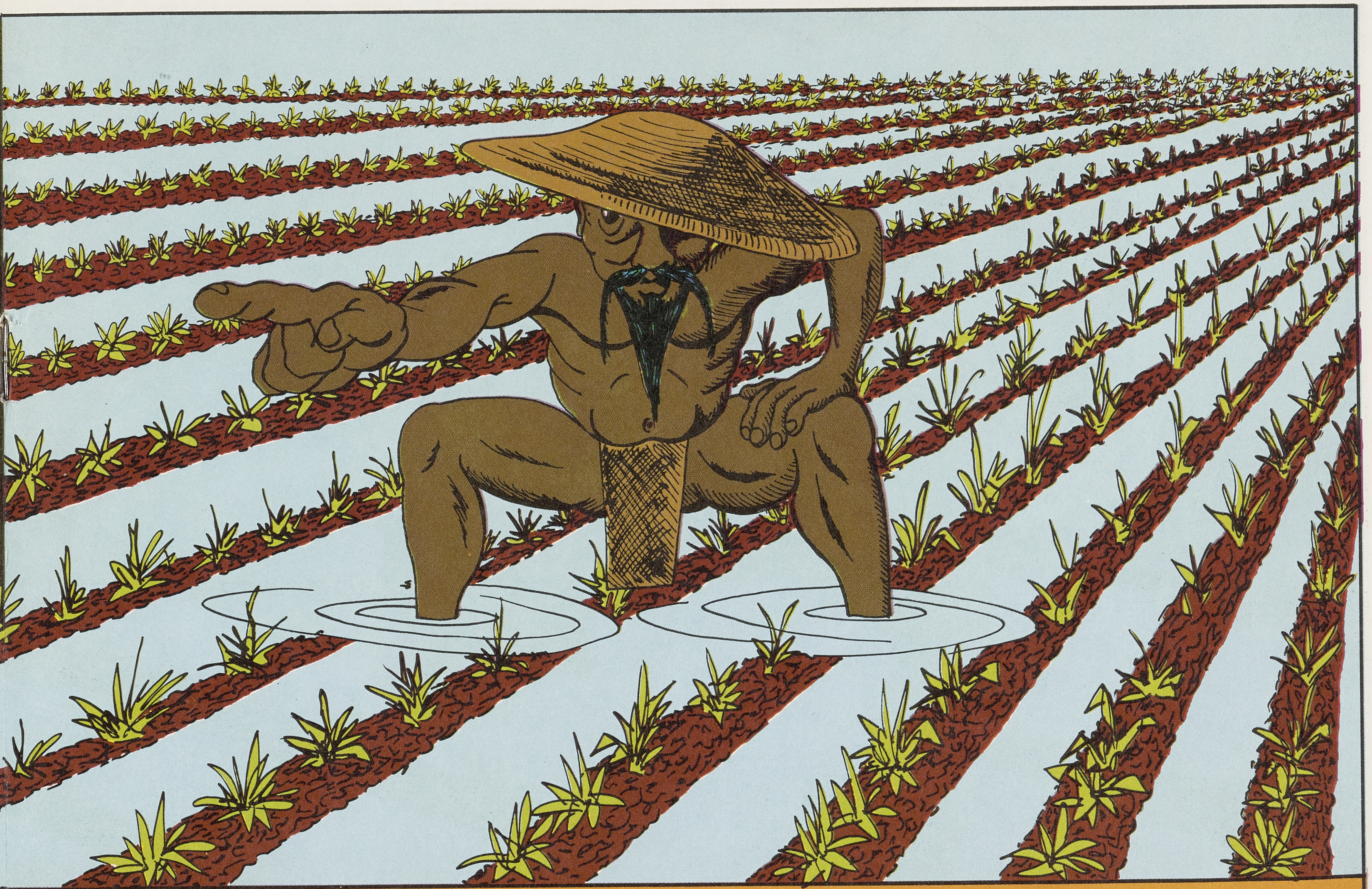
Nginitian lamang siya ni Kayumanggi at nagpatuloy sa kanyang lakad. Habang lumalakad siya ay naririnig pa rin niya ang mangingisda sa malayo na sumisigaw, "Umuwi ka na! Umuwi ka na! Umuwi ka na!" Di nagbalik si Kayumanggi. Patuloy tinuntun ang daan.



Nang lumakad siyang papasulong pa ay natagpuan ni Kayumanggi ang isang magsasaka. Maitim siya at wari'y malakas. Siya'y nakayuko sa palayan at nagtatanim ng mga nalalabi punla ng palay. Kumaway si Kayumanggi sa kanya. Subali't hindi siya nakita ng magsasakang Ifugao. Kaya't si Kayumanggi ay lumusong sa matubig na palayan.

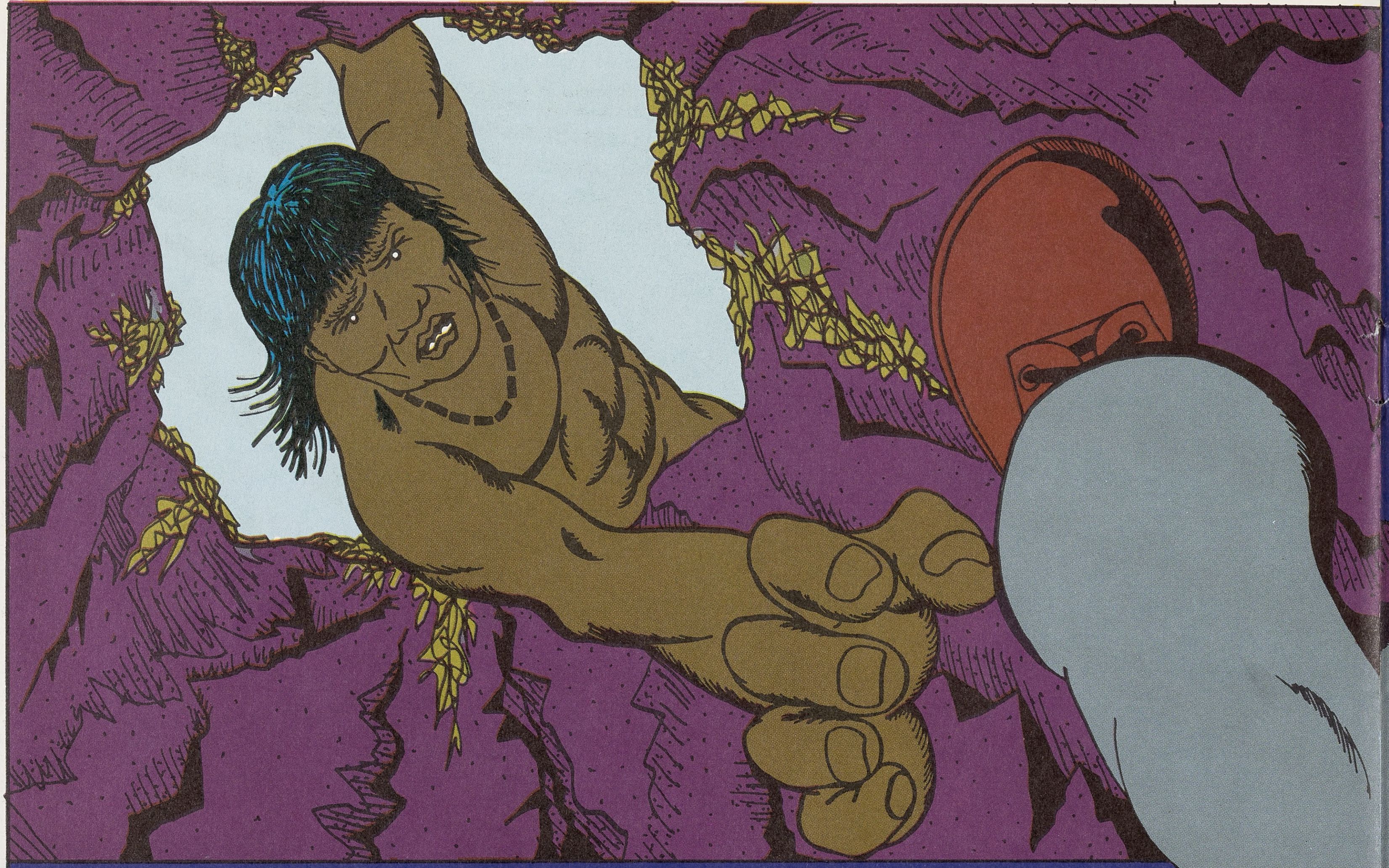
Sa bandang huli nakita rin ng magsisikang Ifugao si Kayumanggi na papalapit sa kanya. "Ano ang iyong ginagawa sa palayang ito?" sigaw ng magsasaka. "Umalis ka dito! Umalis ka dito!" Hinagad niya si Kayumanggi hanggang palabas ng palayan.





As he journeyed a little deeper, Kayumanggi met a farmer. He was dark and very strong looking. He was bending in the rice field, transplanting the last seedlings of rice. Kayumanggi waved at him. But the Ifugao farmer did not see him. So Kayumanggi waded into the wet rice field.

The Ifugao farmer finally saw Kayumanggi coming toward him. "What are you doing in this rice field?" screamed the farmer. "Get out of here! Get out of here!" He chased Kayumanggi out of the rice field.



Sa tabi ng daan, natagpuan ni Kayumanggi ang ilang tauhan ng Ifugao. Hindi sila nakipagkaibigan. Ayaw nila sa kanya.

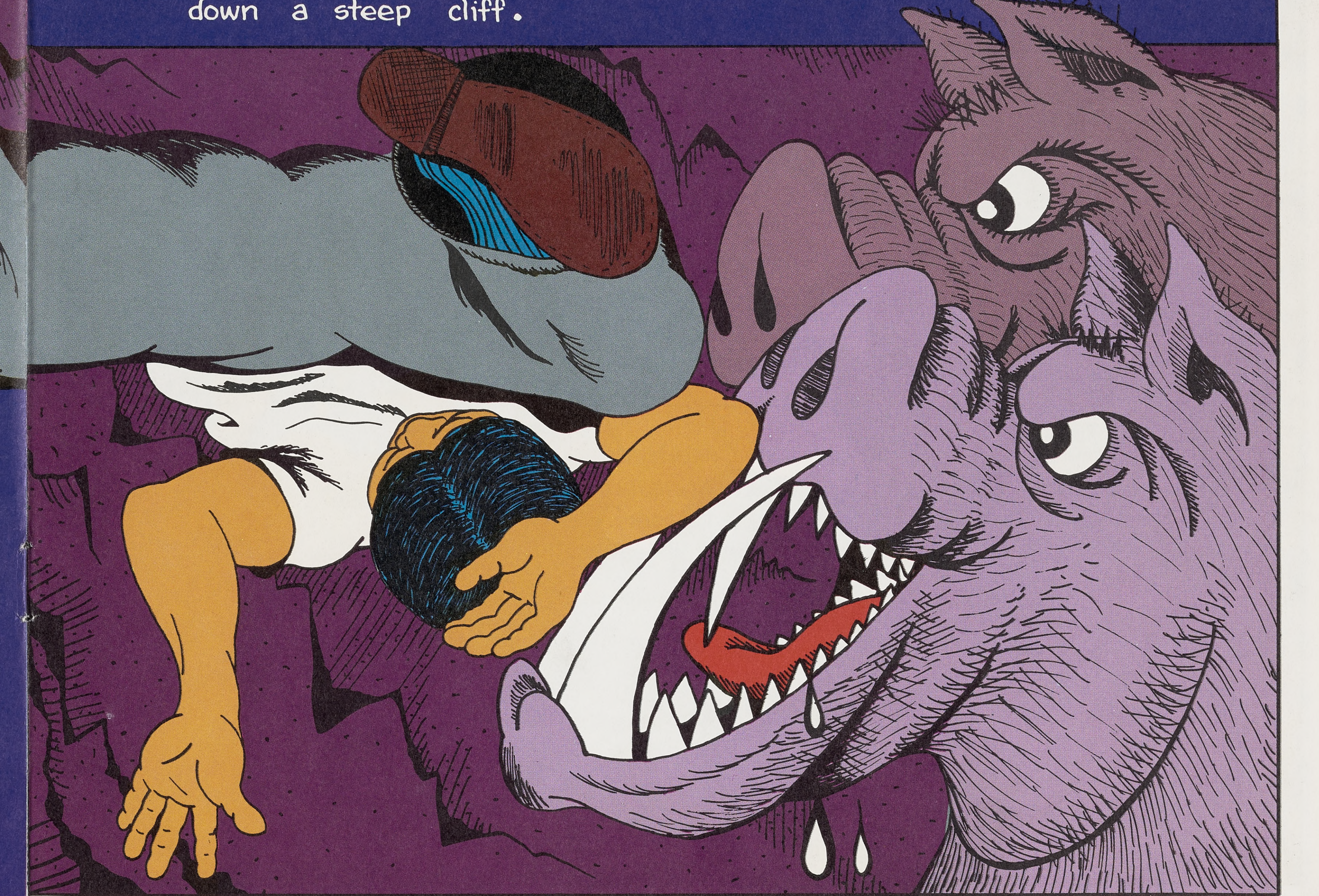
Tumakbo si Kayumanggi at lumundag sa ibabaw na kanilang mga ulo. Bumagsak siya sa lungga ng mga baboy damo. Si Kayumanggi'y napasigaw. Wala siyang malalabasan ngayon. Ito'y parang wakas na ni Kayumanggi. Isang napakalaking mabagsik na baboy ang sumugod sa kanya samantalang tumatakbo siyang paikot sa lungga. Ibinundol ng baboy ang kanyang malaking ulo kay Kayumanggi at tumilapon siya sa labas ng lungga. Patindig na bumagsak si Kayumanggi. Hindi siya nasaktan.

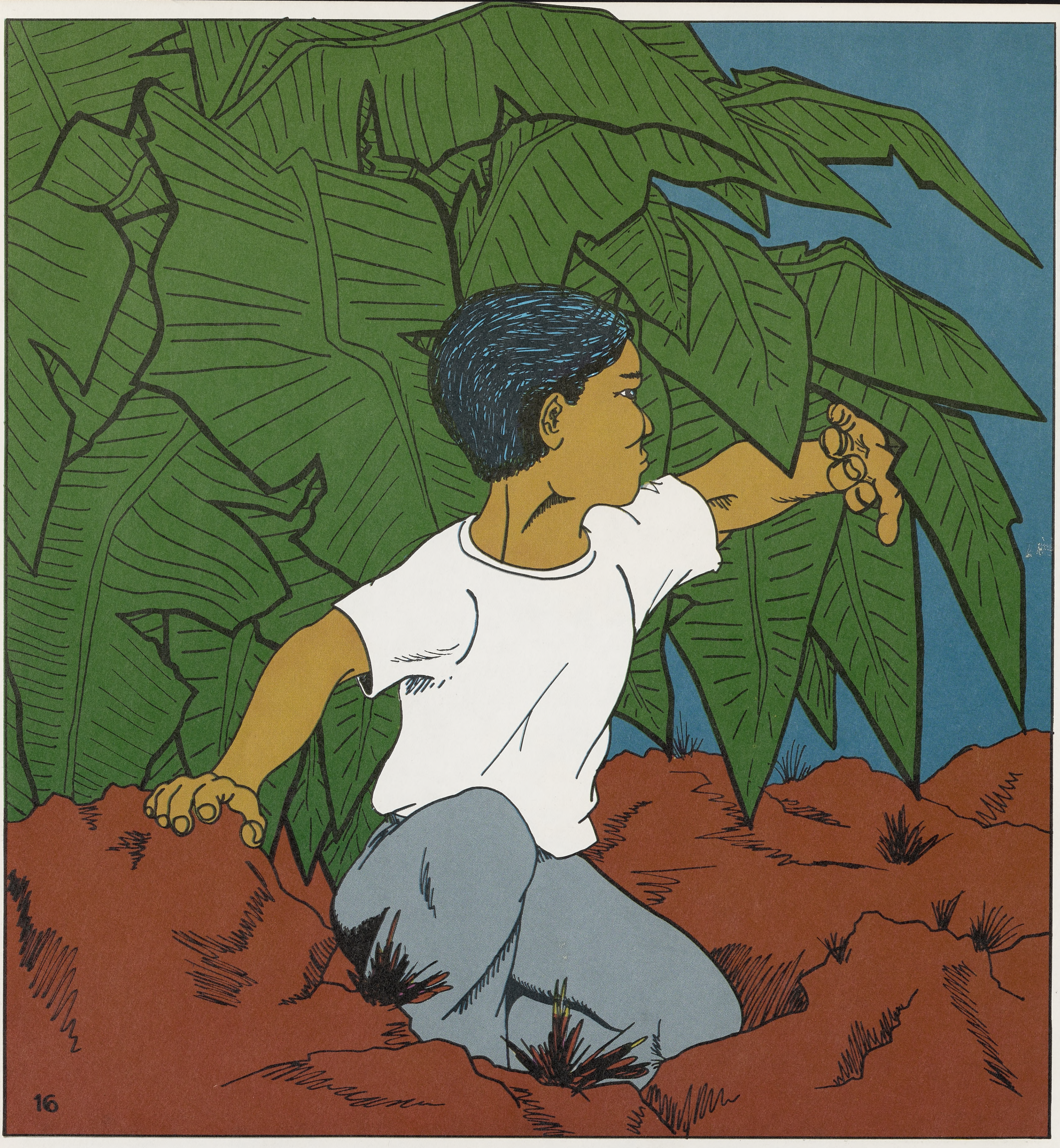
Nag simulang hagarin siya ng mga taon Ifugao ng mga sibat patungo sa isang mataas na bangin.

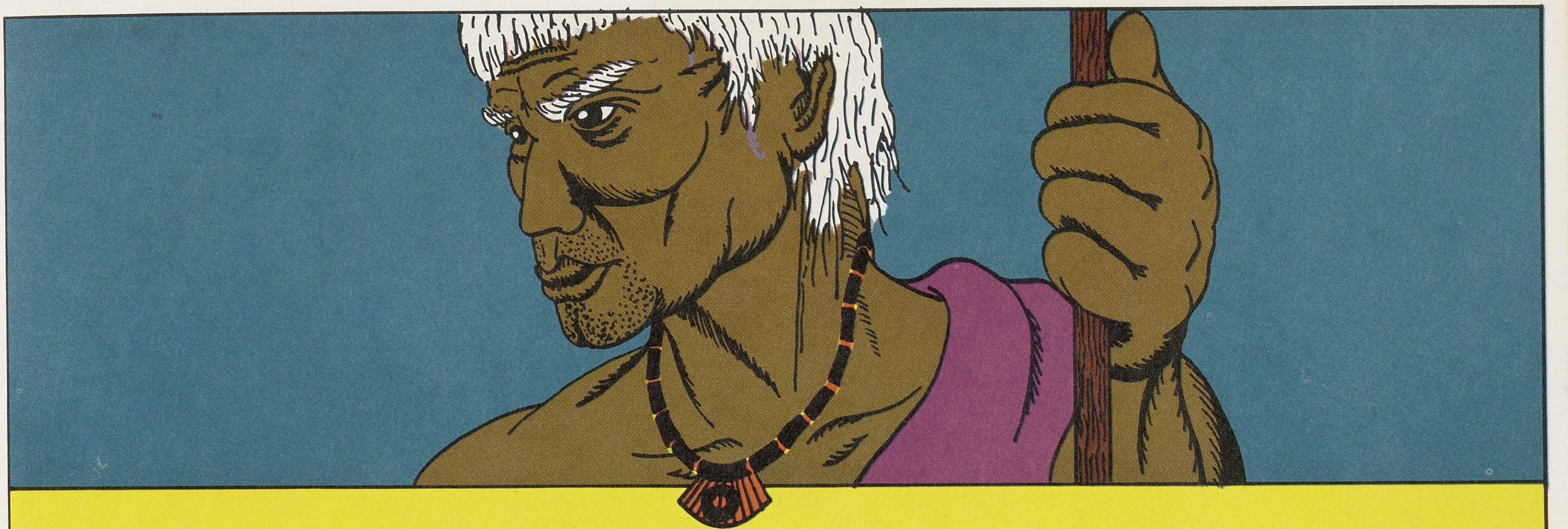
Along the path, Kayumanggi met some Ifugao tribesmen. They were not very friendly. They didn't like him either.

Kayumanggi ran and leaped over their heads. He fell into a pit of wild pigs. Kayumanggi screamed. There was no way out this time. This looked like the end for Kayumanggi. A large ferocious-looking pig charged him as he ran around the pit. The pig jammed his big head against Kayumanggi and knocked him clear out of the pit. Kayumanggi landed on his two feet. He wasn't even hurt.

The Ifugao tribesmen started chasing him with spears down a steep cliff.







Kayumanggi was scared. He hid behind some trees. An old Ifugao hunter came up to him and asked, "What are you doing here?" Kayumanggi did not answer him because he was frightened. The hunter asked him again, "What are you doing here?" Kayumanggi whispered, "Looking for Tagatac on Ifugao Mountain."

"It's a waste of time," replied the hunter. "Tagatac doesn't come down from Ifugao Mountain. Anyway, there is nothing he can tell you." "What do you mean?" asked Kayumanggi.

Natakot si Kayumanggi. Nagtago siya sa likod ng ilang punong kahoy. Isang matandang Ifugao na mangangaso ang lumapit sa kanya at nagtanong, "Anong ginagawa mo rito?" Hindi sumagot si Kayumanggi dahil sa takot. Tinanong uli siya ng mangangaso, "Ano ang ginagawa mo rito?" Mahinang sumagot si Kayumanggi, "Hinahanap ko si Tagatac sa Bundok ng Ifugao."

"Nag-aaksaya ka lamang ng panahon," sagot ng mangangaso. "Si Tagatac ay di bumababa buhat sa Bundok ng Ifugao. Wala siyang masasabi sa iyo." Sumagot si Kayumanggi, "Anong ibig mong sabihin?"

The old Ifugao hunter told Kayumanggi to follow him. "But don't step on those branches," said the old hunter. "They warn strangers to stay out of our Ifugao ceremonies."

They finally came to a large pig laid out on a bamboo table. The pig had already been slaughtered and cleaned. The old hunter began to say some prayers to the gods, asking them to protect Tagatac on Ifugao Mountain from outside spirits. The old hunter started to dance, stomping on the ground, moving his hands from left to right. Kayumanggi stood still.

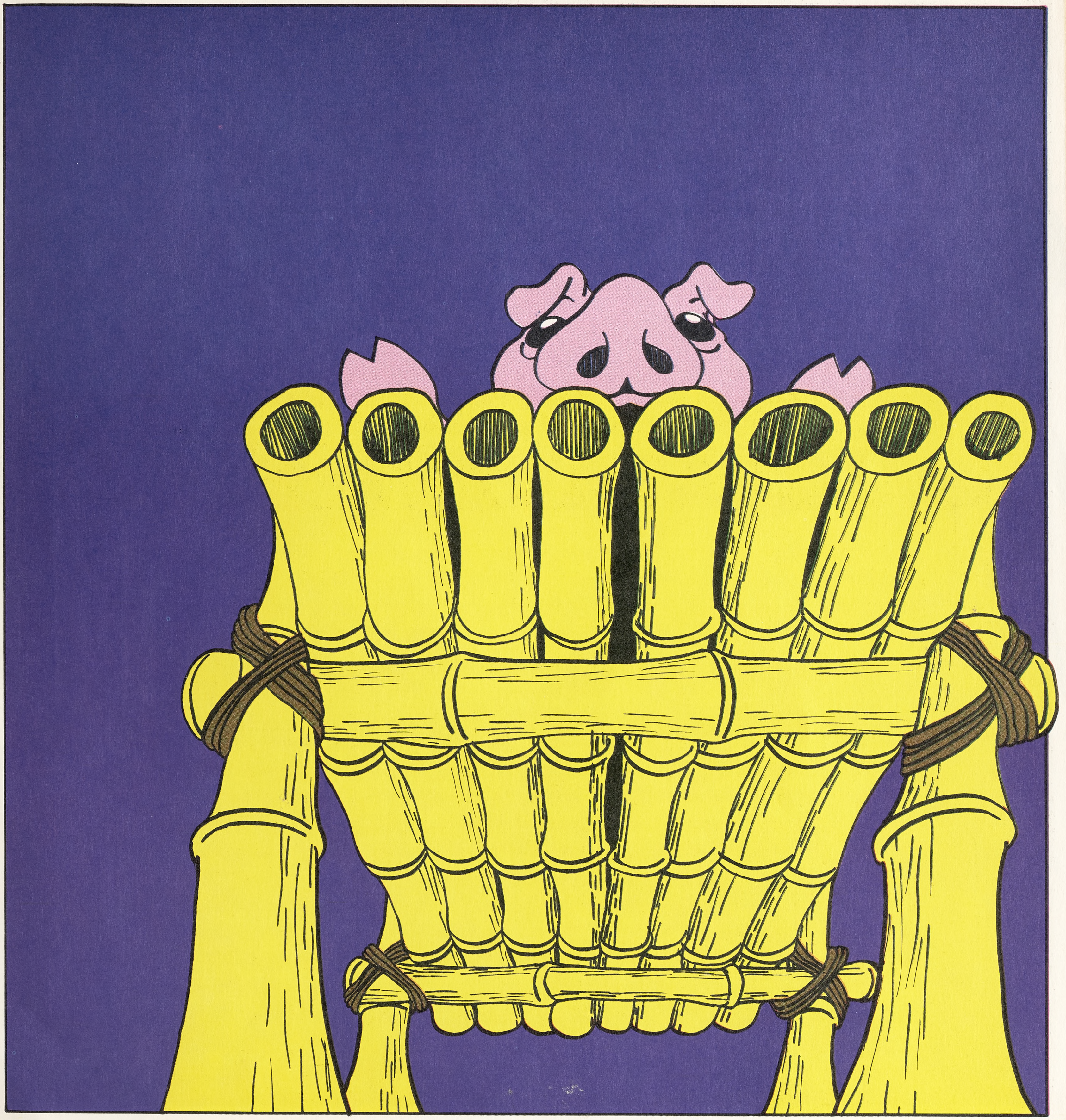
Then the old hunter took out his long knife and began to slice the pig. He cut two large pieces for himself and Kayumanggi, and roasted them over a fire. They sat together and ate pig and drank tuba.

tuba - tú • ba : coconut wine

Sinabi ng matadang mangangasong Ifugao kay Kayumanggi na sumunod sa kanya. "Huwag mong tapakan ang mga putol ng sangang kahoy na iyan," anang matandang mangangaso. "Ang mga sangang iyan ay inilagay diyan para huwag makapasok ang dayuhan sa pagdiriwang," sabi niya.

Sa dako roon ay nasumpungan nila ang isang malaking baboy na nakahain sa hapag na kawayan. Pinatay na ang baboy at nalinis na. Ang matandang mangangaso ay nagsimulang manalangin sa mga diosdiosan, na hinihiling na ipagsanggalang si Tagatac sa mga espiritung nasa labas ng Bundok ng Ifugao. Ang matandang mangangaso ay nagsimulang sumayaw, tumatadyak sa lupa, iwinawagayway ang kanyang kamay buhat sa kaliwa at pakanan. Si Kayumanggi'y walang kibo sa pagkatindig.

Pagkatapos ay kinuha ng matandang mangangaso ang kanyang mahabang itak at nilapa ang baboy. Pinutol niya ng dalawang malaking piraso para sa kanya at kay Kayumanggi, at nilitson niya sa apoy. Nakaupo silang dalawa at kinain ang baboy at uminom ng tuba.



Kayumanggi thanked the old Ifugao hunter. The old Ifugao hunter told Kayumanggi to be careful. And then Kayumanggi continued on his way.

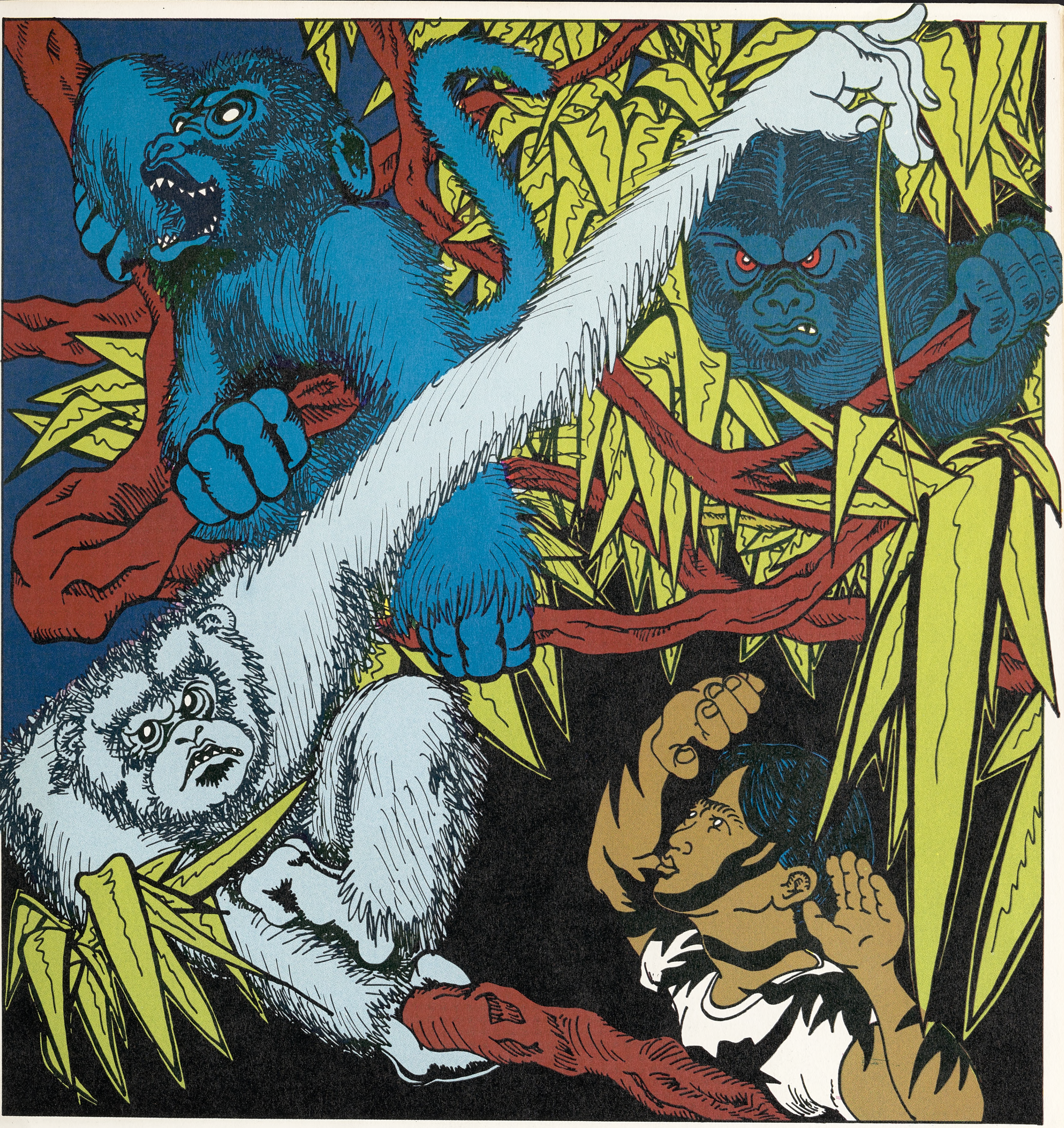
Many days passed. Kayumanggi finally came close to what looked like Ifugao Mountain, when suddenly, from out of nowhere, a hundred thousand monkeys appeared. The monkeys threw rocks and branches at him. They were swinging from the trees, spitting. They stood guard, a hundred thousand strong, guarding Tagatac on Ifugao Mountain.

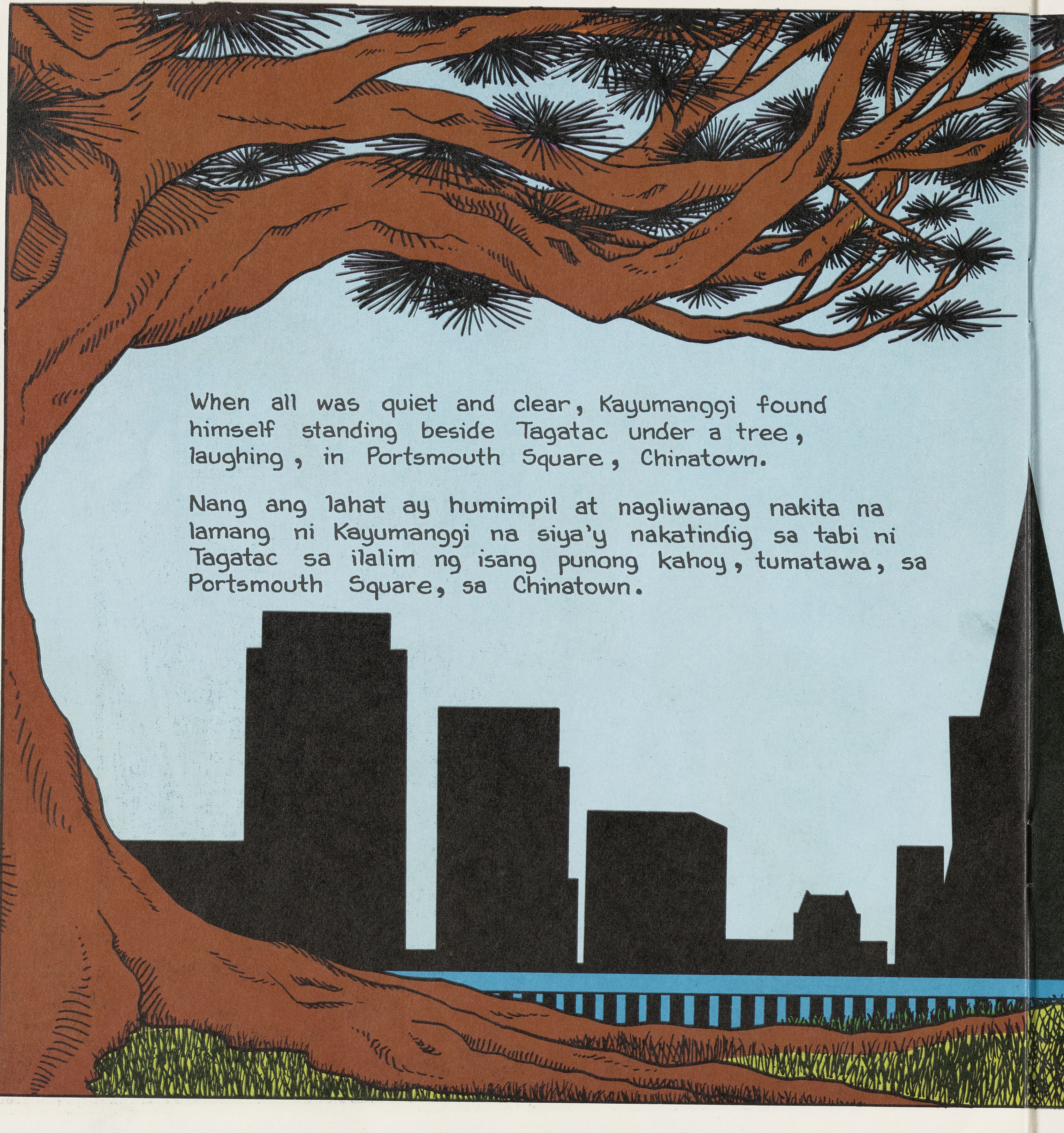
Suddenly, Kayumanggi heard the Ifugao Mountain nose flute sound. It got louder and louder until it shook all the trees. His body was trembling and his heart was pounding.

Nagpasalamat si Kayumanggi sa matandang mangangasong Ifugao. Ang matandang mangangasong Ifugao ay sinabihan si Kayumanggi na mag-ingat. Lumakad na si Kayumanggi ng kanyang lakad.

Maraming araw ang lumipas bago nakakita si Kayumanggi ng tao. Sa bandang huli'y napalapit siya sa tila isang Ifugao na Bundok, nang bigla na lamang na kung saan nagmula ay may isang daang libong tsunggo na lumitaw. Hinagis siya ng mga tsunggo ng mga bato at sanga ng kahoy. Sila'y nakatindig at nag bantay sa isang daang libong lahat, bantay si Tagatac sa Bundok ng Ifugao.

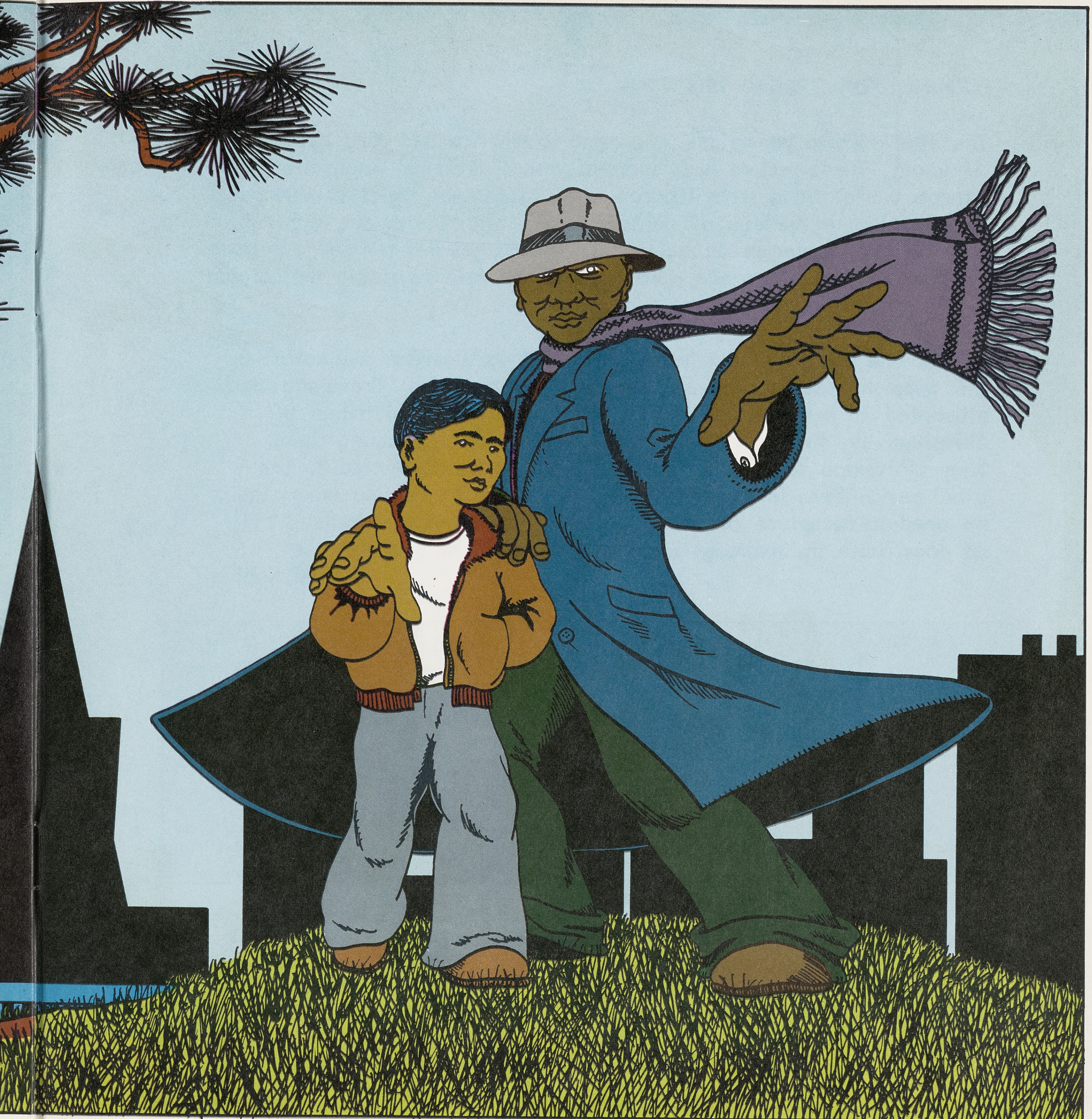
Walang ano may si Kayumanggi ay nadinig ang plautang ilong ng Bundok Ifugao. Lumakas ng lumakas ang tunog ng plauta hanggang nayanig ang lahat ng punong kahoy. Nanginginig ang kanyang katawan at kumakaba ang kanyang puso.





When all was quiet and clear, Kayumanggi found himself standing beside Tagatac under a tree, laughing, in Portsmouth Square, Chinatown.

Nang ang lahat ay humimpil at nagliwanag nakita na lamang ni Kayumanggi na siya'y nakatindig sa tabi ni Tagatac sa ilalim ng isang punong kahoy, tumatawa, sa Portsmouth Square, sa Chinatown.

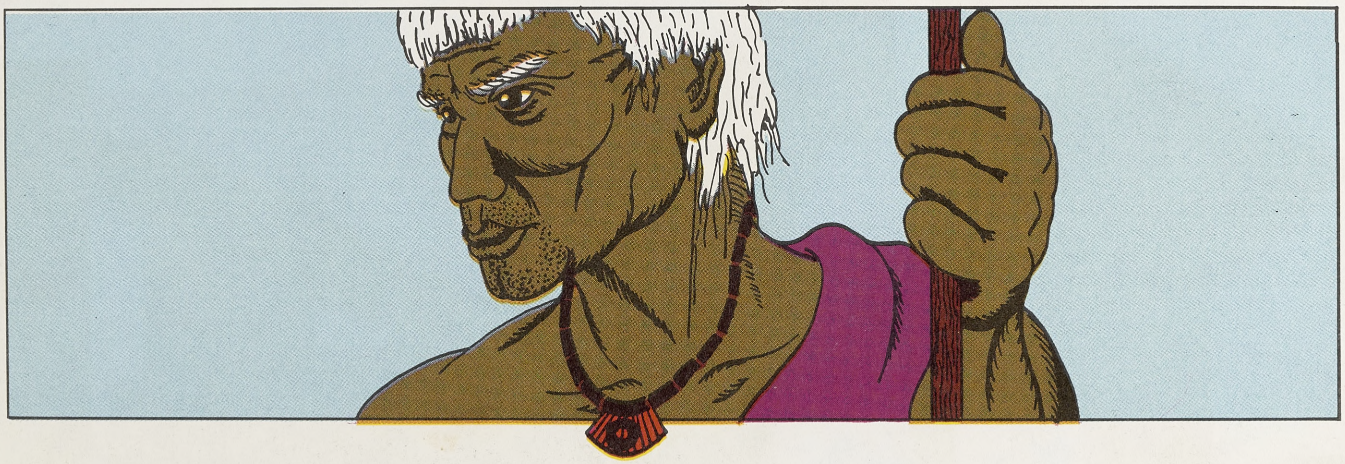


LOOKING FOR IFUGAO MOUNTAIN

The first Pilipino immigrants who came to America had very little formal schooling. These elders have survived with their tribal ways in a very strange world. They have labored in the sugarcane fields of Hawaii, the vast farming valleys of California, the railroads of the Midwest, and the fish canneries of Alaska. In their eyes we can see ourselves. In their faces we can see our mothers and fathers riding the carabao to the rice fields.

Pilipinos in the Philippines were introduced to Western civilization by the Spanish missionaries, and then by the Americans. These intruders attempted to destroy the way of life of the mountain tribes by Christianizing them, by "educating" them, and by shaming them. Some Pilipinos today still feel ashamed to be connected to the tribal past. There is no need to feel ashamed. As Pilipino Americans, we need to recapture the tribal ceremony of our lives. We need to sit down with the manongs and taste a handful of fish and rice.

Al Robles



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LOOKING FOR IFUGAO MOUNTAIN

Written by Al Robles
Illustrated by Jim Dong

"LOOKING FOR IFUGAO MOUNTAIN is a story of a Pilipino American in search of his ancestral past. Kayumanggi meets Tagatac, an old Pilipino man with magic in his eyes. Kayumanggi is caught up in the old man's vision and begins his journey back home. The journey isn't easy. There are many obstacles. He meets up with some wild carabao that chase him. He meets an angry fisherman who tells him to go home. A farmer runs him out of the rice field. He falls into a pit of wild pigs. A hundred thousand monkeys throw rocks and spit at him. Finally, he discovers the secret."

Al Robles

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